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1943



The
Shadow
CHILLS

The
JAP

FIRE MONSTER



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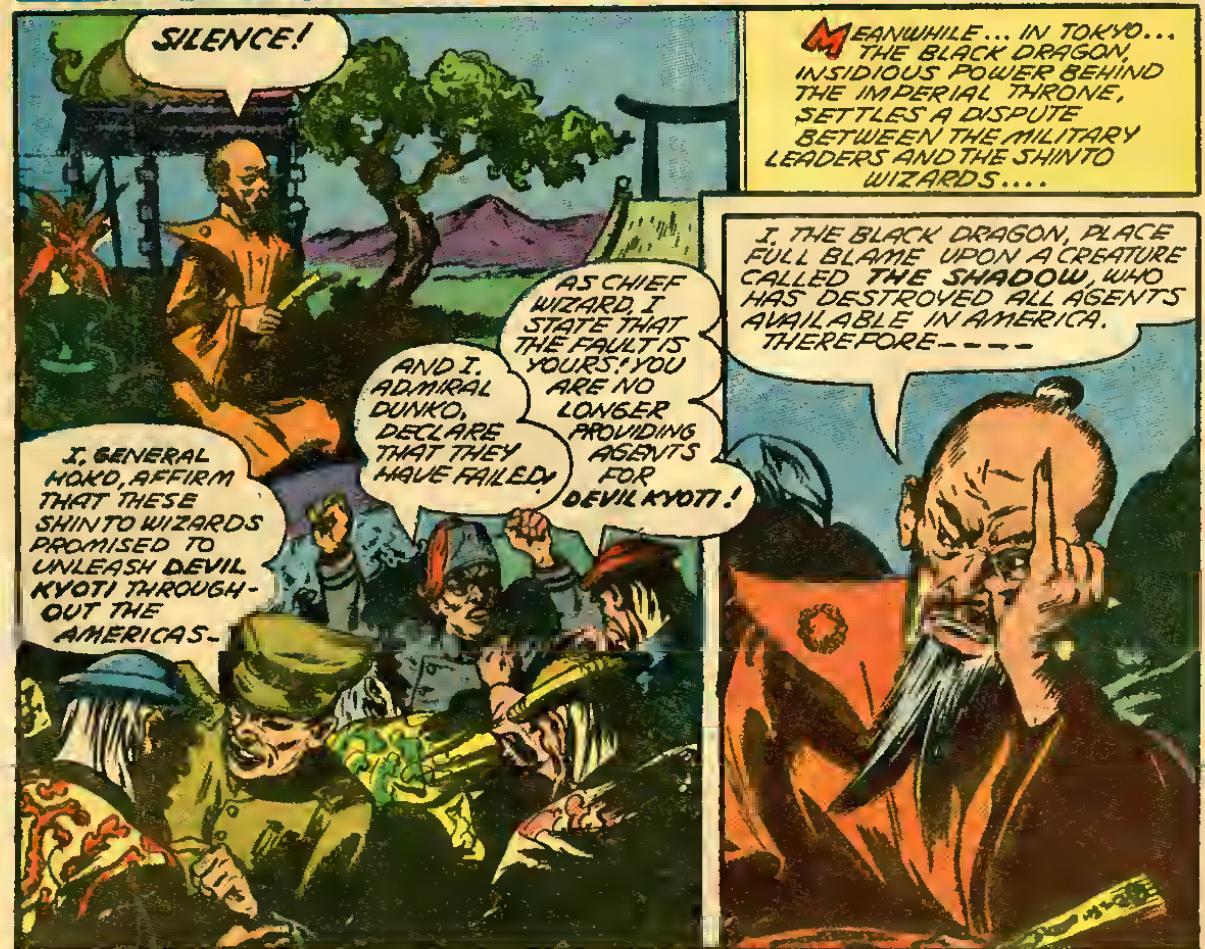
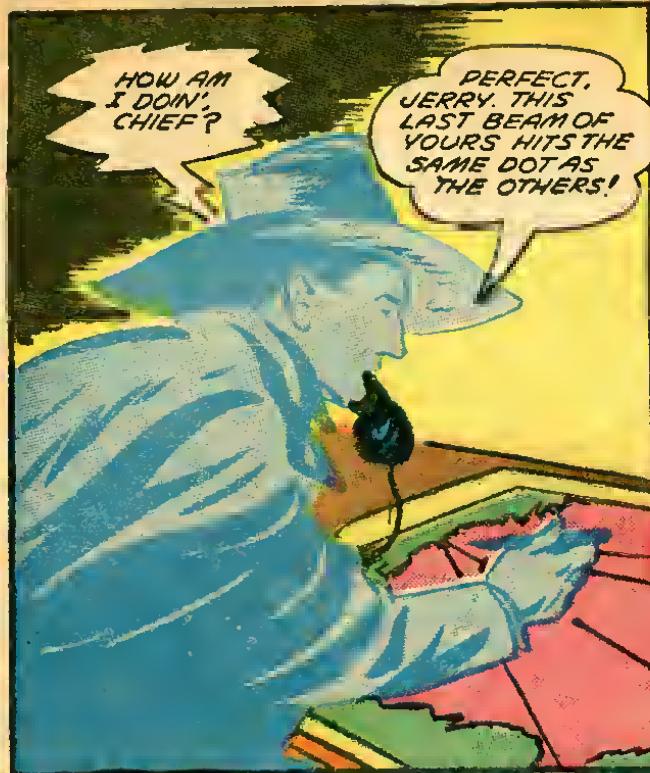
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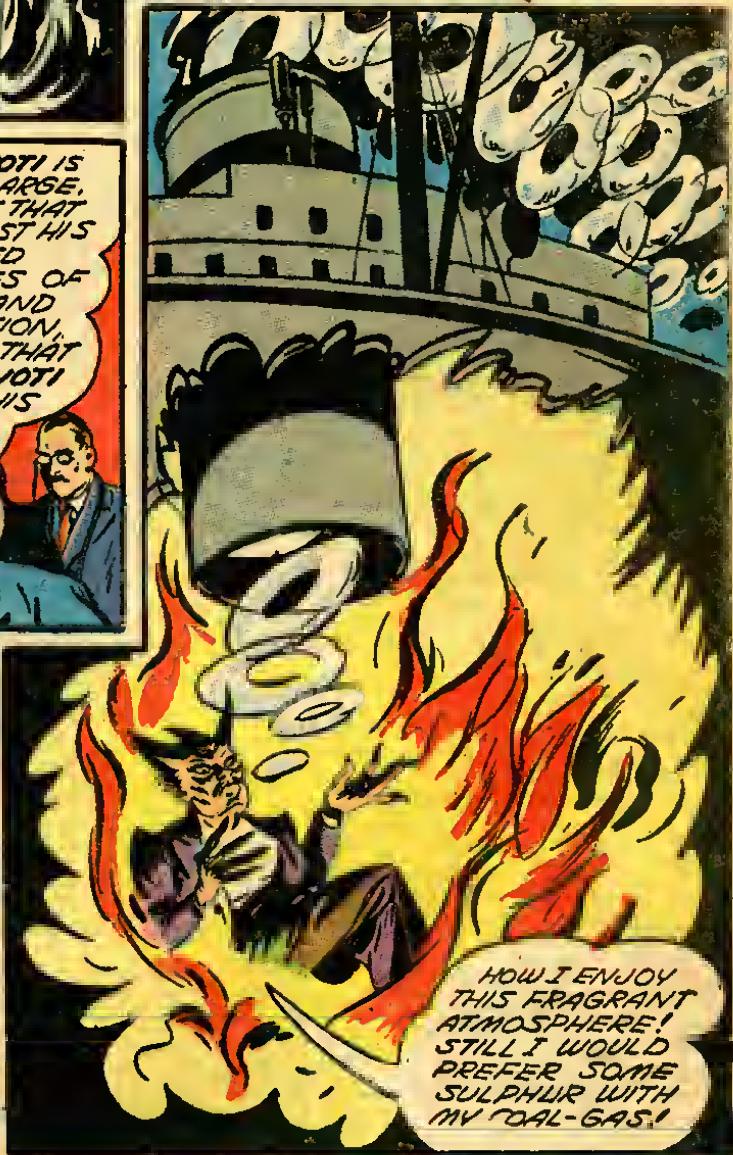
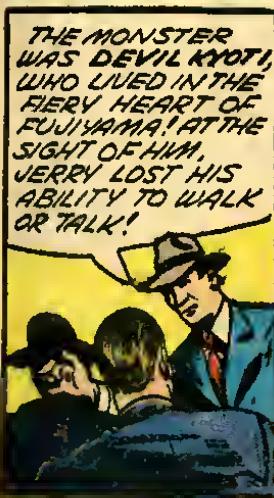
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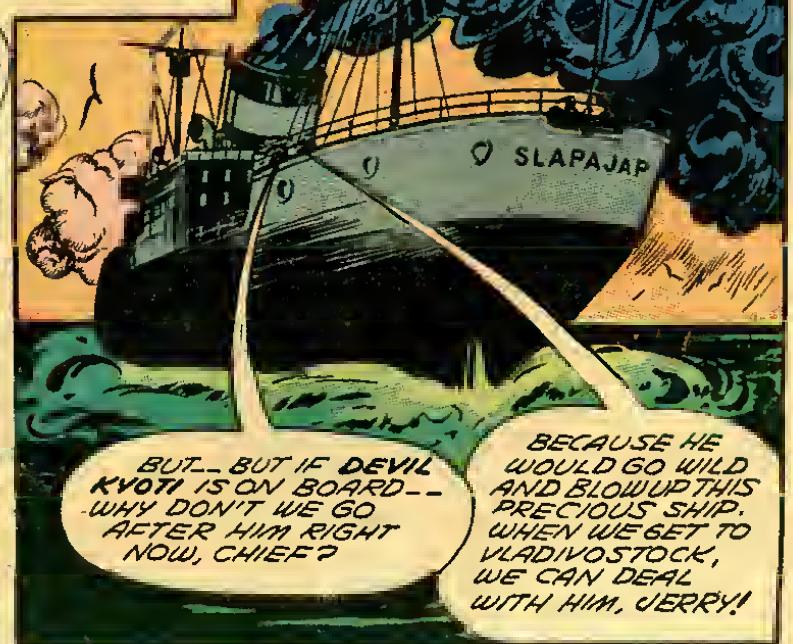
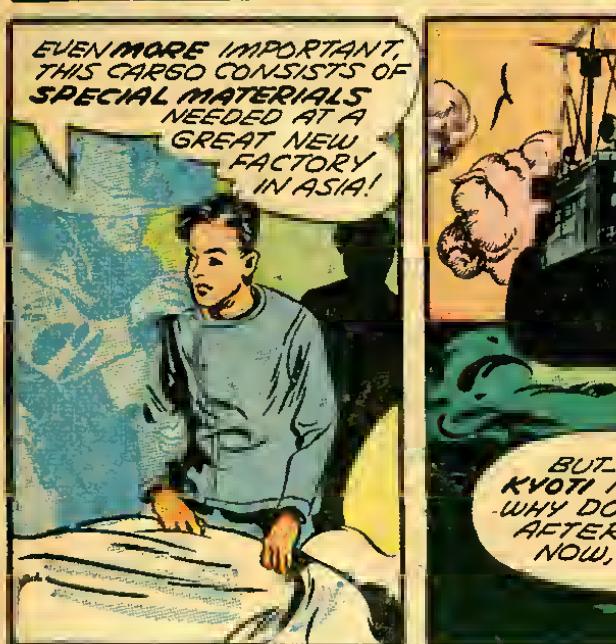
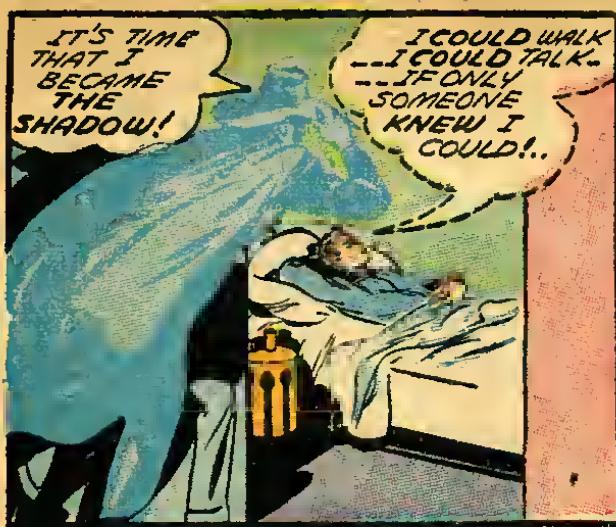
29 SEVENTH AVENUE, N.Y.











VLADIVOSTOK, GREAT PORT OF SIBERIA, WHERE PRICELESS RAW MATERIALS ARE BEING UNLOADED FROM THE STEAMSHIP SLAPAJAP, AFTER ITS SUCCESSFUL VOYAGE ACROSS THE PACIFIC OCEAN!

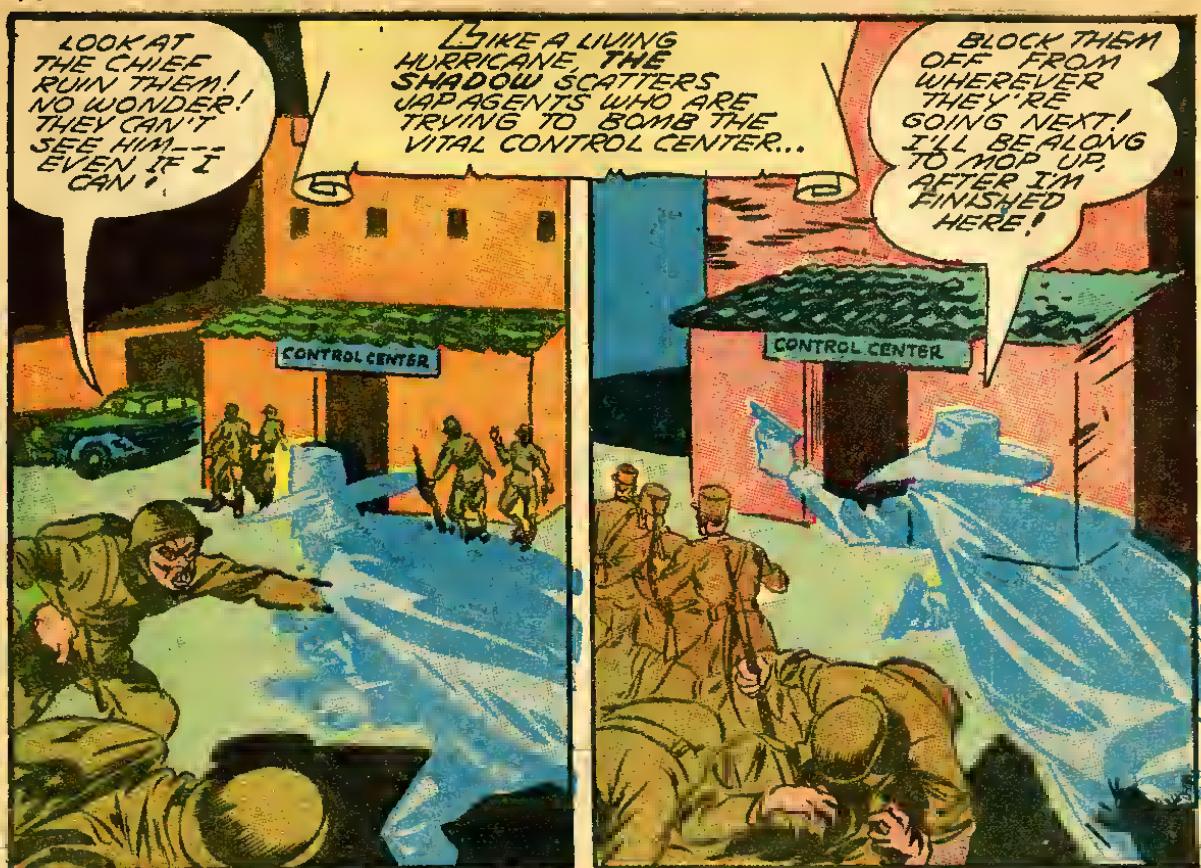


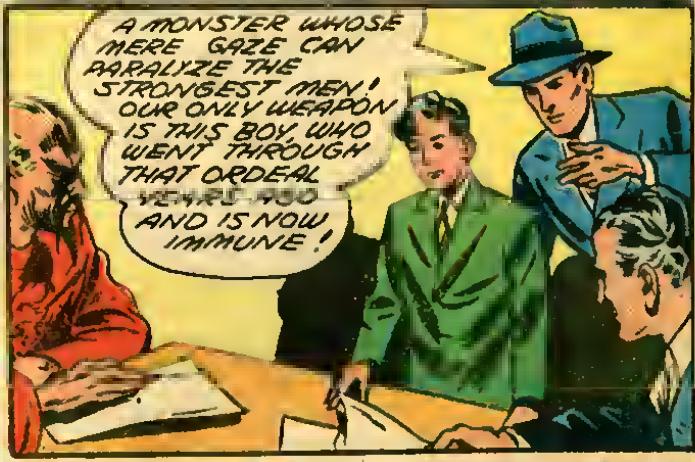
HONORABLE
DRAGON
INSTRUCTIONS
SAY TO
ENTER FIRE-
BOX OF
LOCOMOTIVE--



VICTORY CITY!! AN INTERNATIONAL ACHIEVEMENT... ON THE BORDER OF RUSSIA AND CHINA, THIS GREAT INDUSTRIAL TOWN HAS SPRUNG UP IN RECORD TIME... FED BY RAW MATERIALS FROM EACH COUNTRY, IT TURNS OUT FINISHED PRODUCTS FOR BOTH.... WITH OTHER UNITED NATIONS SUPPLYING TECHNICIANS AND SPECIAL MATERIALS TO AID THE MUTUAL WAR EFFORT!!







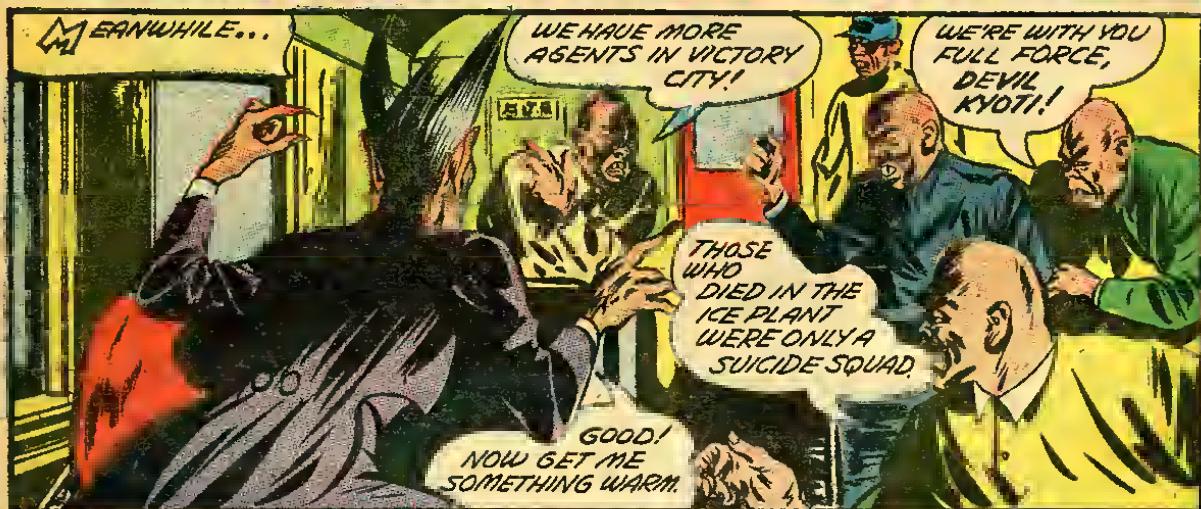
CRANSTON'S NEXT STEP IS TO LOCATE THE FAST FREIGHT TRAIN. THIS IS DONE BY AN IMPROVED TELEVISION SET....



DEVIL KYOTI CANNOT ARRIVE BY AIR. ALL LANDING FIELDS ARE GUARDED!

WE HAVE GIVEN ORDERS TO SHOOT DOWN ANY STRANGE PLANES!

YOU HAVE AT LEAST 12 HOURS. I'M SURE THAT'S SUFFICIENT, CRANSTON!



HERE YOU ARE, O DEVIL! TWO DOZEN HOT WATER BAGS!

HOT WATER BAGS? BAH! I PREFER BRIMSTONE!



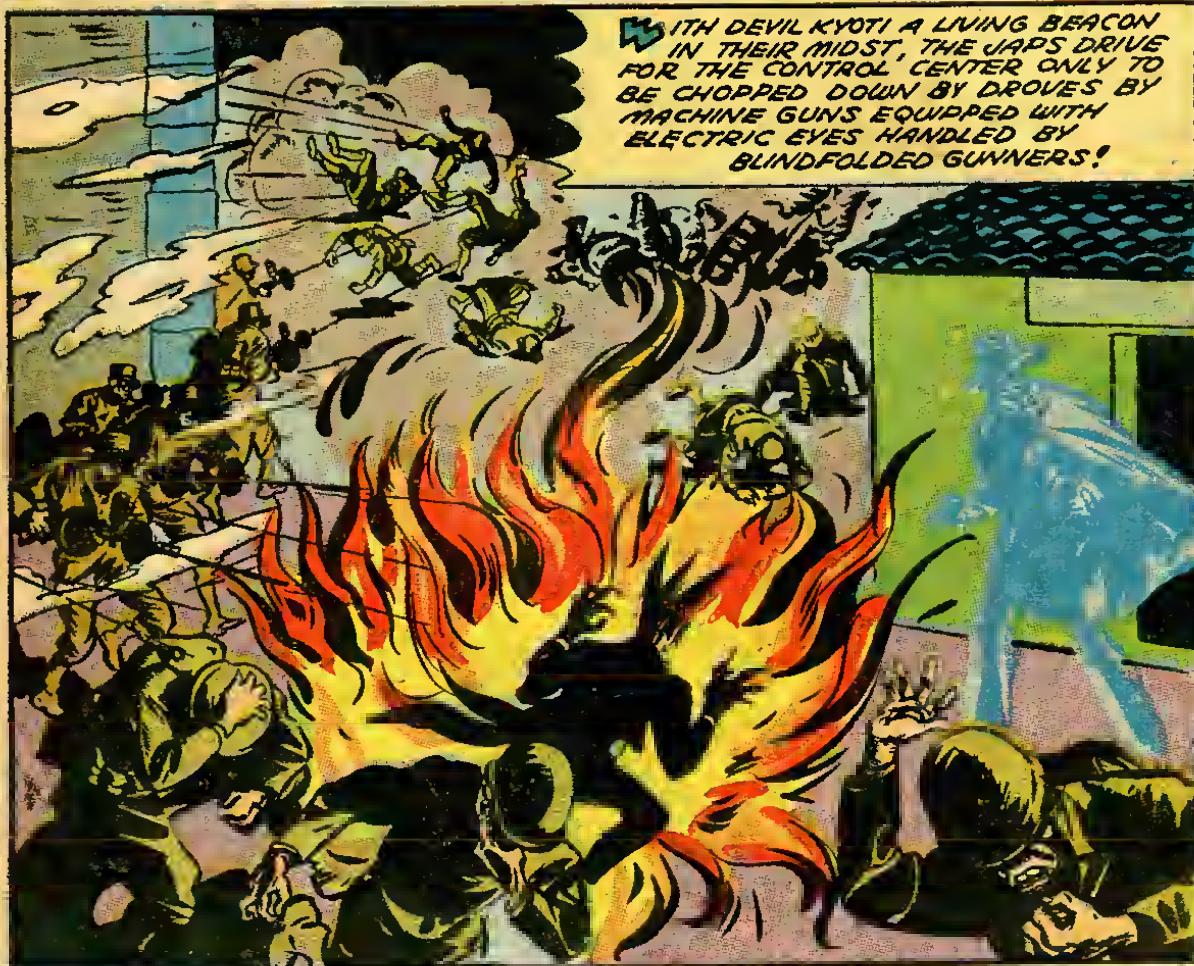


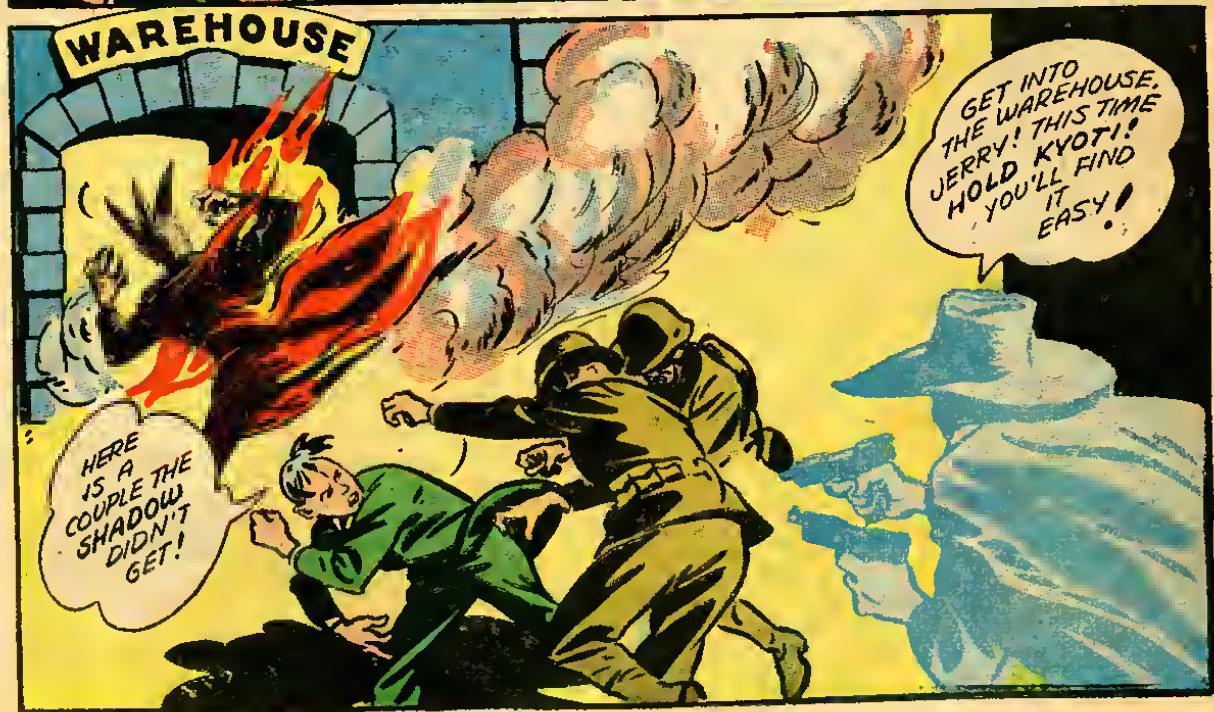
THE ZERO HOUR STRIKES!
INfiltrating JAP AGENTS
BY THE HUNDREDS SPRING UP
WITHIN THE HEART OF
VICTORY CITY!!!

CONTROL
CENTER



WITH DEVIL KYOTI A LIVING BEACON
IN THEIR MIDST, THE JAPS DRIVE
FOR THE CONTROL CENTER ONLY TO
BE CHOPPED DOWN BY DROVES BY
MACHINE GUNS EQUIPPED WITH
ELECTRIC EYES HANDLED BY
BLINDFOLDED GUNNERS!







ROUSED TO SUPERDEMON FURY, DEVIL KYOTO REGAINS HIS FLAMING POWER DESPITE THE SURROUNDING ICE, AND TURNS HIMSELF INTO A VOLCANIC ERUPTION THAT ACTUALLY RAISES THE ROOF!!!





TRUTH OR CONSEQUENCES HAS RALPH EDWARDS!

EVERYONE PRESENTS
TRUTH
OR
CONSEQUENCES

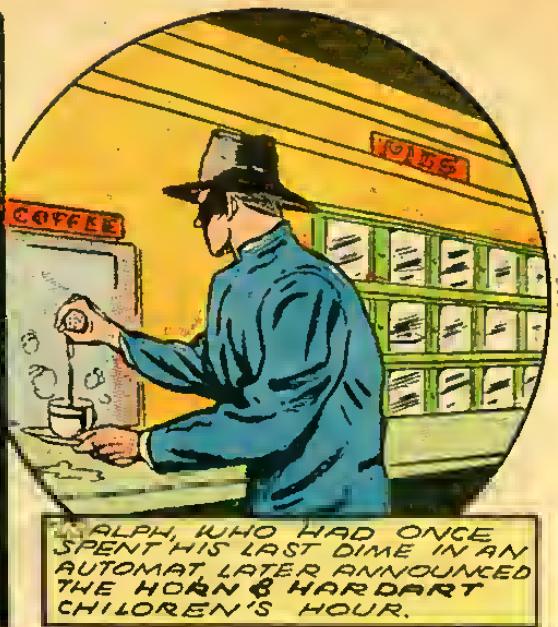
HERE'S THE TRUTH — ABOUT
RALPH EDWARDS, POPULAR
CREATOR AND MASTER OF
CEREMONIES OF TRUTH OR
CONSEQUENCES — WHO IS A
REAL "RAGS-TO-RICHES" HERO!

BUT BEFORE
RALPH EDWARDS
REALLY GOT HIS
BREAK, HE WENT THROUGH
THREE MONTHS OF
THREAD-BARE EXISTENCE
IN NEW YORK.

13

RALPH WAS BORN IN
MERINO, COLORADO —
ON FRIDAY THE 13TH OF
JUNE, 1913, AT 13 MINUTES
PAST 9 AM. HE LEFT CALI-
FORNIA SOME YEARS LATER
FOR NEW YORK ON JULY 13,
AND SIGNS CONTRACTS IN
13 WEEK CYCLES. WHO SAID
13 WAS UNLUCKY???

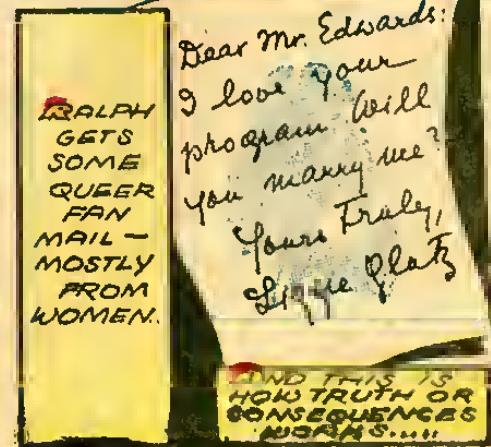




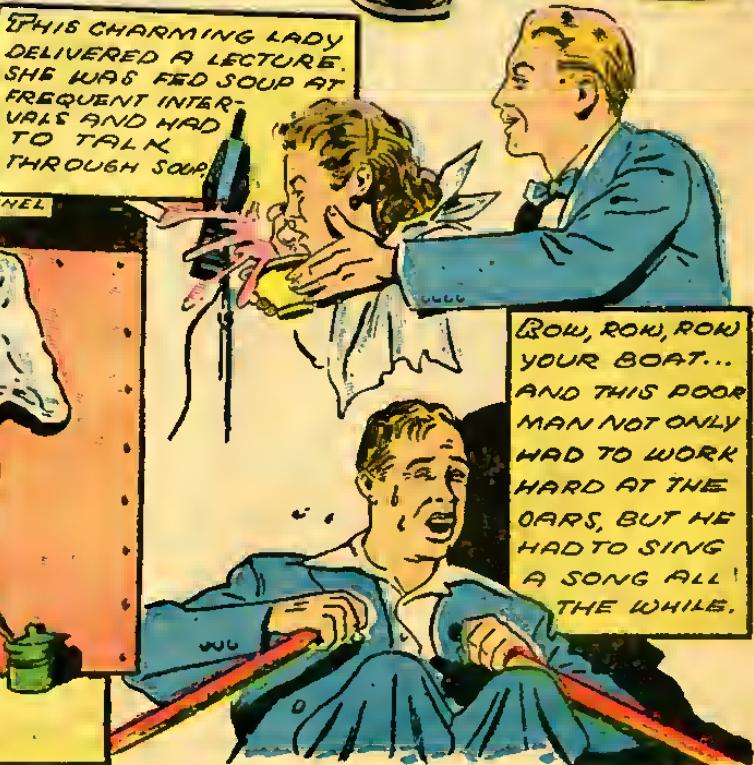
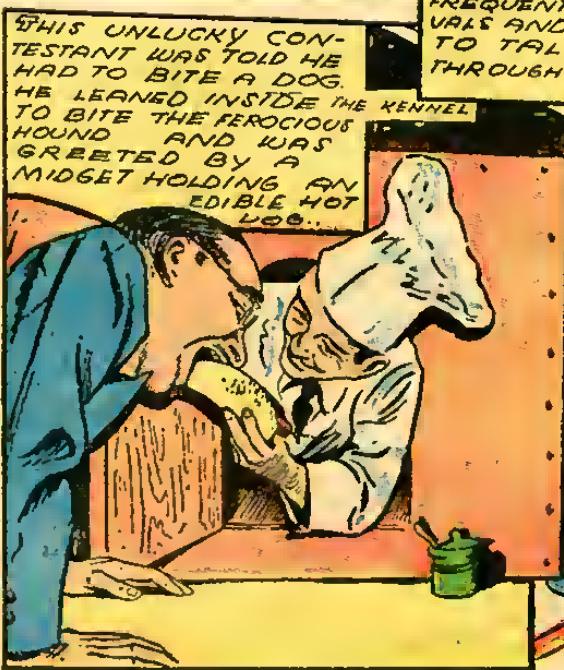
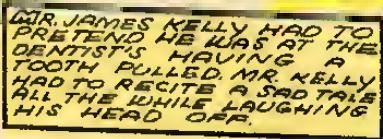
ALPH, WHO HAD ONCE SPENT HIS LAST DIME IN AN AUTOMAT, LATER ANNOUNCED THE HORN & HARDART CHILDREN'S HOUR.



ALPH ACTS AS M.C. ON THE SHOW, AS WELL AS WRITING, PRODUCING AND DIRECTING IT. HE ALSO TRIED IT AS A VAUDEVILLE ACT... AND IT WENT OVER WITH A BANG.



AND THIS IS HOW TRUTH OR CONSEQUENCES WORKS...

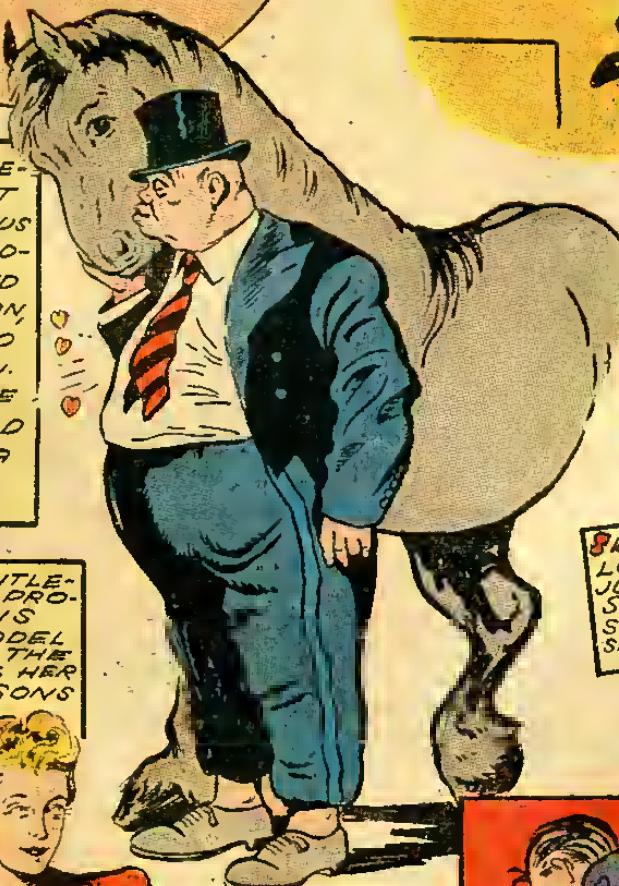




THIS PLUMP CHAP DRESSED UP IN A BABY'S CAP HAD TO DRINK MILK FROM A BOTTLE THROUGH A NIPPLE, IMITATING A BABY AND SINGING A SONG.

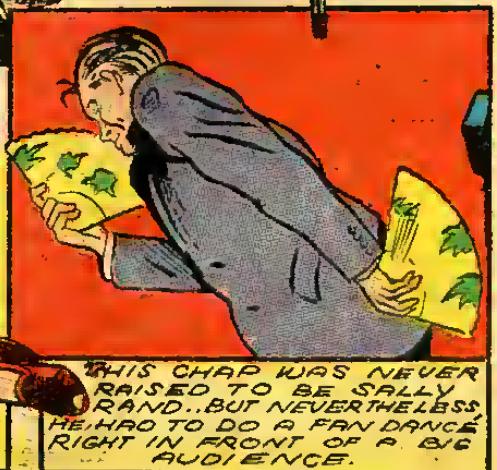
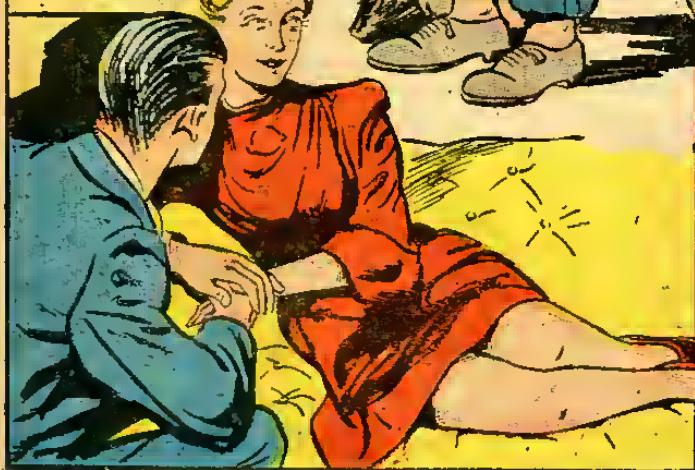


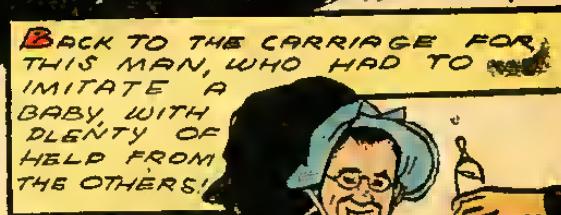
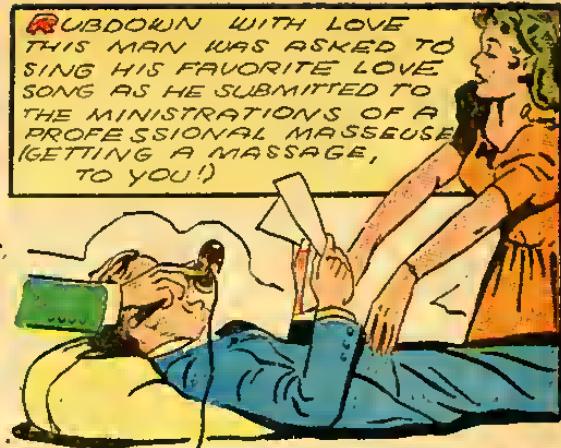
WLAS, THIS HOPEFUL WAS SENT ON THE PREVIOUS WEEK'S BROADCAST TO GRAND CENTRAL STATION, SUPPOSEDLY TO KISS A LADY. ACTUALLY, THE LADY TURNED OUT TO BE A HORSE....



SWING HIGH, SWING LOW! THIS MAN JUMPED ON A POGO STICK SINGING A SONG TO A RATHER SHAKY ACCOMPANIMENT.

THIS LUCKY GENTLEMAN HAD TO PROPOSE TO THIS BEAUTIFUL MODEL SEATED ON THE DIVAN, GIVING HER ALL THE REASONS WHY SHE WOULD FIND HIM A SUITABLE MATE.





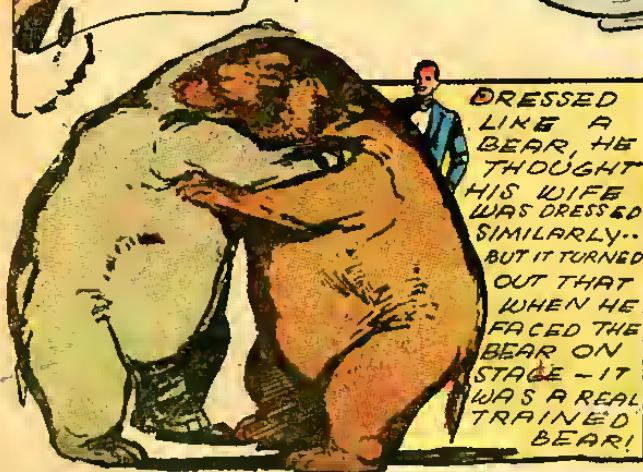


OH THERE BOYS! THEY HAD TO OPEN SACKS-AND THEN PUT ON ALL THE PARAPHERNALIA THE SACKS CONTAINED. THE FIRST ONE 'DRESSED' GOT A PRIZE.

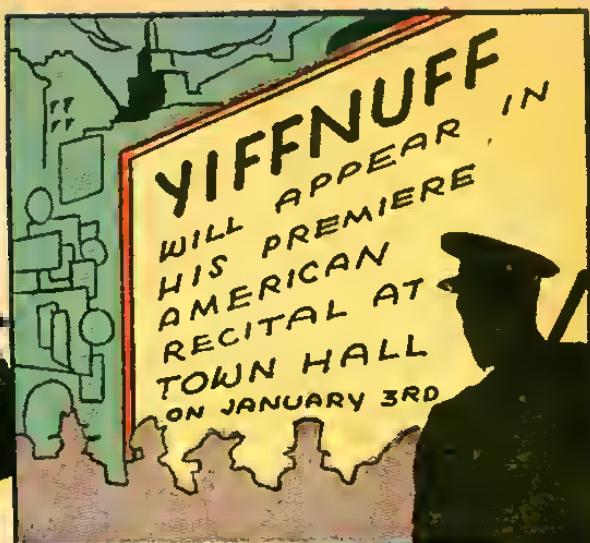


THIS WOMAN'S HUSBAND WAS DRESSED AS SANTA CLAUS BUT SHE DIDN'T KNOW THAT AND HAD TO ASK HIM FOR FURS JEWELER WHILE HE TRIED VERY HARD TO DISSUADE HER.

A WOMAN DESCRIBED ALL THE ACTIONS SHE WOULD GO THROUGH TO DUNK A DOUGH-NUT. ACTUALLY A HUMAN DOUGHNUT WAS USED... ACCORDING TO THE LADY'S DIRECTIONS!



BUT THE BEST AND MOST FAMOUS STUNT OF ALL... IT STARTED WHEN ADS BEGAN TO APPEAR IN CONCERT CHANNELS THAT "YIFFNUFF" WAS GOING TO PLAY AT TOWN HALL

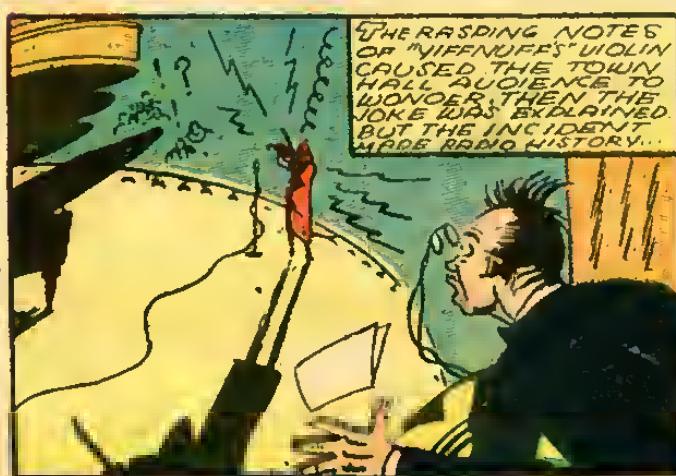


YIFFNUFF

STANDING ROOM ONLY



AND IT WAS SHE, THE WIFE OF A CHICKEN FARMER, WHO APPEARED ON THE STAGE OF TOWN HALL BEFORE AN AUDIENCE OF 1000!



AS IT IS WRITTEN

by Francis Chase, Jr.

Sheik Slayman Ben Ali was a wise and benevolent ruler of his desert people. And blessed with these heaven-sent qualities, he was not one to lightly dismiss the case of the soothsaying foreigner who called himself Jack Smith. Did not the man, Smith, foretell to the hour such heavenly occurrences as comets and eclipses, a feat unduplicated by wise men of the desert? And had he not cured the sheik's people of colds and fever with little white pellets brewed by a magic unknown to the desert? And, most important, had he not—with the thin, magic needle—brought back from the edge of a desert grave Ilbrahim, the sheik's own son, after the bite of the deadly naja haje, blood brother to the asp, had brought him to the brink?

No, the case of Jack Smith was not one to be dismissed lightly. For any other man, guilty of the same offenses, Slayman Ben Ali would have decreed death without so much as a second thought. It is written eternally, ineradicably, that he who wanders into another's garden to pluck a rose must pay the wages of sin.

In reality, it was not so much a matter of possession. Sooner or later, the wise sheik knew, he must give up Tana, whom the one called Smith so eagerly sought. Marriage, like death, is a natural thing, and man must not stand in its way, no matter how difficult it might be to no longer have his favorite daughter at his side. But he would not see Tana married to an infidel. Thrice—and very gently out of a sense of loyal gratitude—he had hinted to the foreigner that his attentions to Tana were a source of great displeasure. The strange one had persisted, and now the desert monarch had reached the end of his endurance.

Still, one who could foresee the future was not one to be lightly condemned. It was no secret that this Smith could read—in the little black book which was always at his side and which bore the strange symbols, "A-L-

M-A-N-A-C"—impending events and strange occurrences in the very heavens, which only a true prophet might rightfully foresee. There was no other man, among all the sheik's people, who could decipher these strange symbols.

"Tell me more of the future—what it holds for thee and for me, my friend and benefactor," he bade the foreigner who had been summoned to his silken tent. "Tell me what you read in the little black book that is always at thy side."

The one called Smith studied the narrow, slanted eyes of the sheik, knowing that here was a test; behind the soft-spoken words of the Arab chieftain lay a veiled challenge. Was it about Tana? And he remembered stories he had heard in Tunis—how white men had been found, within a half league of this very oasis, buried to their necks in sand. A sweet sirup had been poured over their heads to attract the deadly black ants which, when the sirup was consumed, attacked the eyeballs and the soft white flesh of the neck. Smith shuddered in spite of himself as he drew the book from his pocket and pretended to read. The nimble wheels of his brain were whirling.

"I see, great and wise ruler of the desert, a long and prosperous reign for you here at El Golea. It is written that there shall be no man greater, no man more powerful, no man as wise as thee."

"And thee, my friend? What does it say of thee?"

Smith had lived by his wits for many a year, spurning the labor of the hand, the sweat of the brow; and from constant usage, his wits were as keen-edged as the blue Damascus blade which Slayman Ben Ali carried at his side. So now Smith spoke:

"It is further written that, on the hour that I meet with Him who created me and thee and the sands of the desert, thou, too, shall meet with thy Maker, upon that same hour. Thus

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are our destinies tied up, one with the other.

There was no movement, no fleeting sign in the wind-beaten face of the sheik to tell whether the prophecy had gone home to rest in his mind. And when Smith had returned at last to his own tent, he was still uncertain of its effect, uncertain of just what he had done to offend. Unless it was Tana. But a few days before, the sheik had spoken disparagingly of mixed marriage. Had that talk been intended as a warning? Of one thing he was certain: He would keep his date with Tana only long enough to tell her that they must not meet again, at least for a long, long time, if ever again.

When the white desert moon rode like a stallion over the oasis, Tana came to him in the palm grove. In the fewest possible words, Smith told her what had happened and that she must hurry back to her tent. When she had a good start, he, too, started back for his tent. From now on his conduct would be above suspicion. It was then, even as this good resolve was upon his lips, that he heard the short, hissing sound and the almost immediate impact of the naja haje against his unbooted thigh! The long fang was like a barb in the soft flesh. And for once his wits failed him. He knew a sudden, blinding panic, and when he had banished it at last it was too late. He was sick, nauseous, as the paralysis which follows the venom up through the bloodstream reached his stomach. He tried to get out the vial, the needle of antitoxin he carried in his pocket. He couldn't move his arm.

There was a slight movement, more than the wind, and Slayman Ben Ali stood above him.

"It . . . it is good . . . that you've come—" It was becoming increasingly difficult for him to talk. "Quick! Needle . . . in pocket. Stick in arm . . . squeeze—" He stopped. The blood, which had raced warmly through his veins, was like ice water as he watched the cold, expressionless face of the sheik.

"And why should I save the life of a dog who has robbed me of my most priceless possession? The reptile but saves me the trouble of putting an end to such a miserable existence."

Now the quick wit of the man was working again, automatically, almost by reaction. There was but one hope for him—the seeds of superstition he had sown in the sheik's breast. "Remember, if I die, you, too, shall . . . die within the hour. It is . . . so written—" He,

searched the brown, wind-swept face in the half light above him, and there was only the almost imperceptible flick of an eyelid to tell him that, perhaps, the implications of his prophecy were taking root there. Then suddenly Slayman Ben Ali was bending over him, baring his arm, feverishly seeking the vein. But before he could insert the needle he heard the hissing warning of the snake. Then the unholy fangs of the venomous naja haje, which he had neglected to kill, were embedded in the sheik's own flesh.

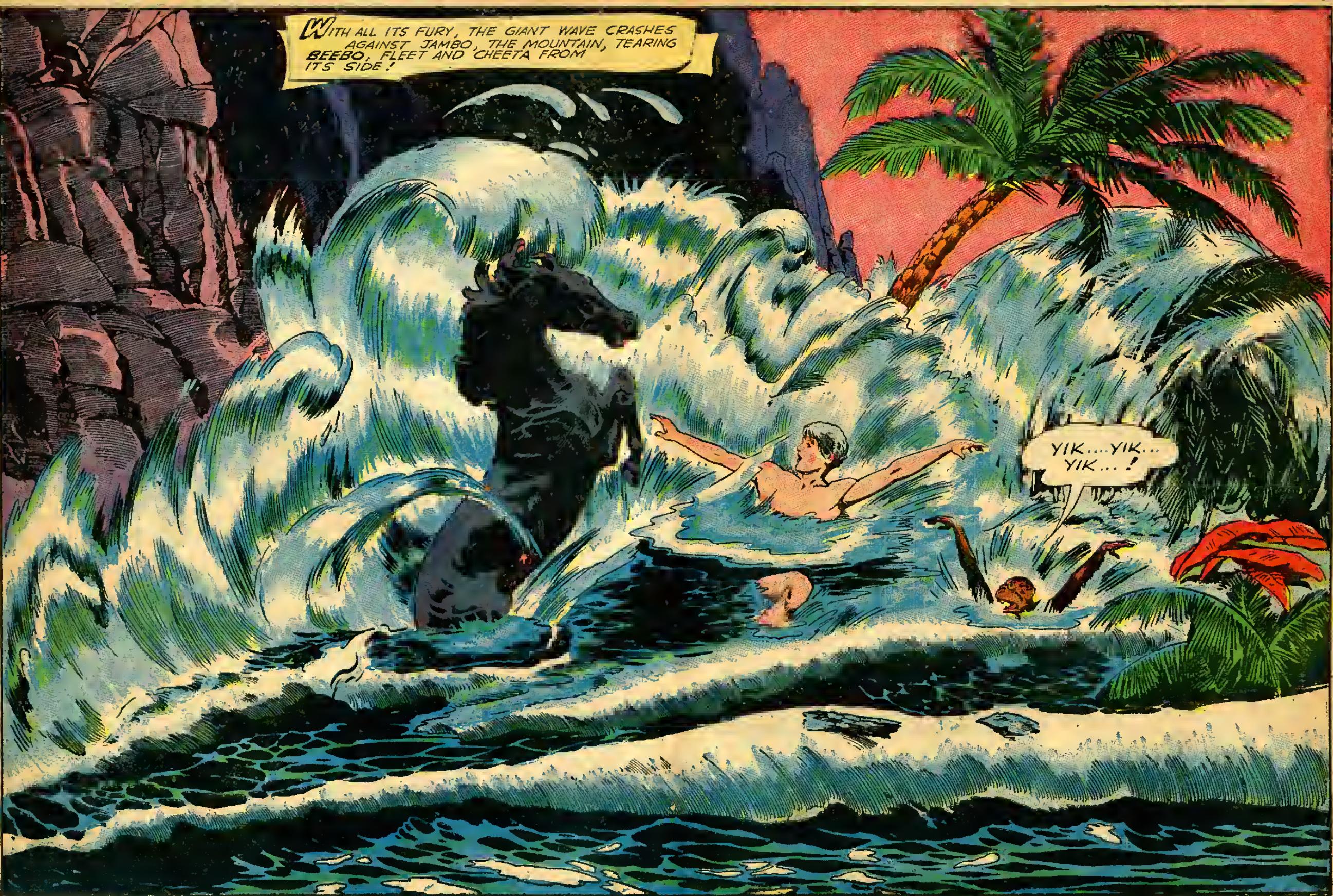
If Slayman Ben Ali thought at all of the man who lay writhing on the still-warm sands of the desert at that moment it was with a vengeful memory of the prophecy he had made a few short hours before and which now seemed close to fulfillment. Then, more practically, he remembered the needle he still held in his hand.

The sheik bared his own arm, shot the precious contents of the needle into the bulging blue vein.

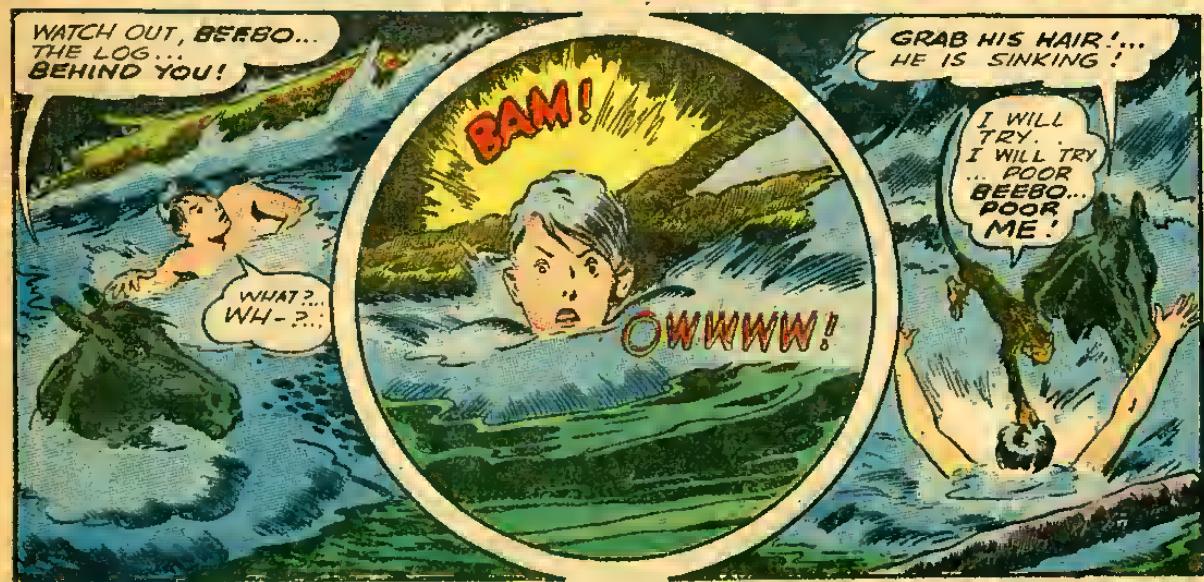
It was in the first gray streakings of the dawn that Pierre Beauchamp, of the French secret police, came to the great oasis seeking word of a vagrant Englishman, wanted in Tunis for crimes ranging from bigamy to murder. Desert travelers had brought stories that such a one was living with an Arab tribe at El Golea. There he found the two bodies—that of the wise and benevolent sheik and that of the one he sought, both stiff in death. Lying between them were the vial and the needle.

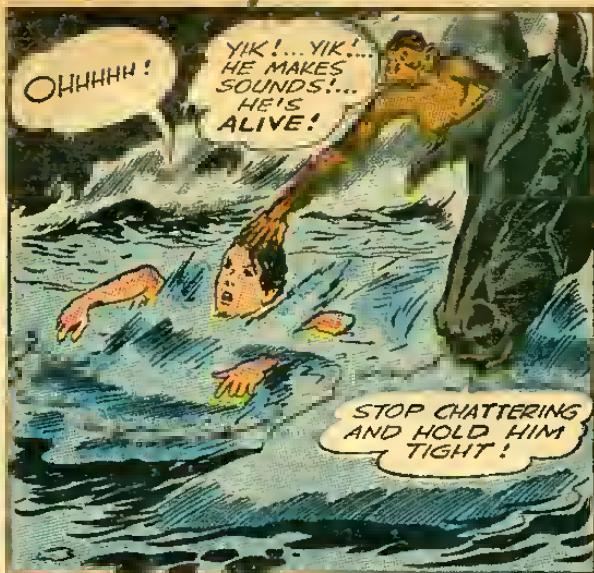
He awakened the slumbering tribesmen and they told him, wide-eyed with awe, of yesterday's prophecy which had become the tragic truth of this dawning day. And because the desert is dull and monotonous and because their childlike contemplation of the supernatural quality of the double tragedy would lend a mystery and a color to the lives of these simple tribesmen for years to come, he kept to himself the warning he had read upon the vial's label:

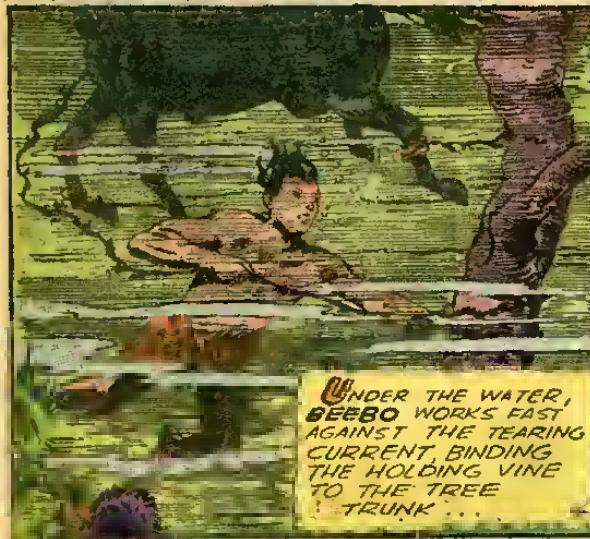
—while it is an effective antitoxin in bites of the cobra, asp, or naja haje, it is, too, a deadly poison itself when used, unless cobric acid (venom) has actually been injected into the bloodstream. So, if a single reptile strikes two victims within the space of twelve hours, use serum only upon the first person so stricken, for reptiles of this family empty their poison sac the first time they strike and thus inject no venom into the bloodstream of the second person stricken.

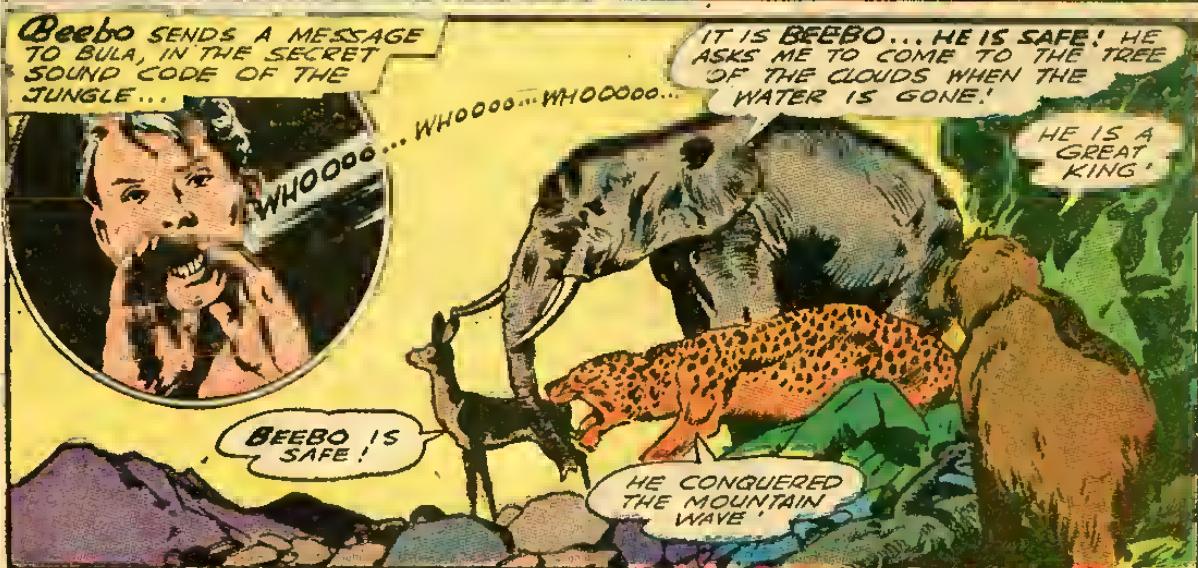


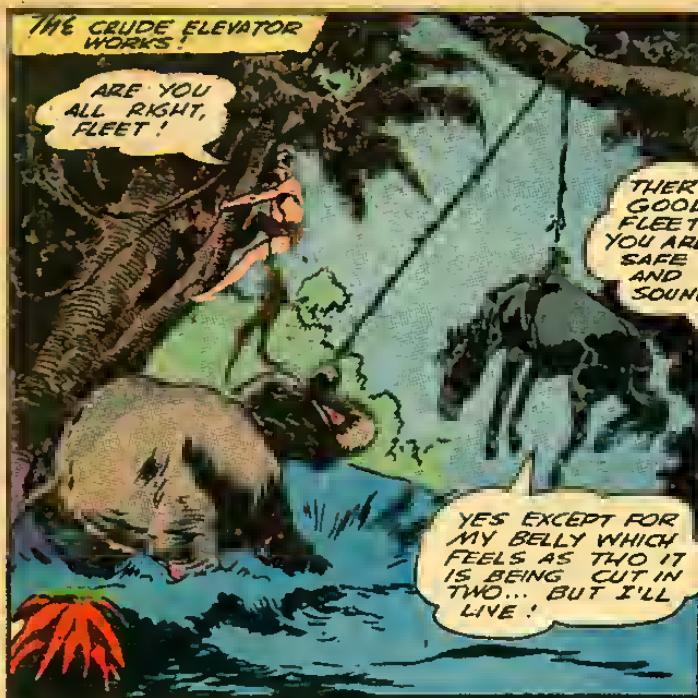










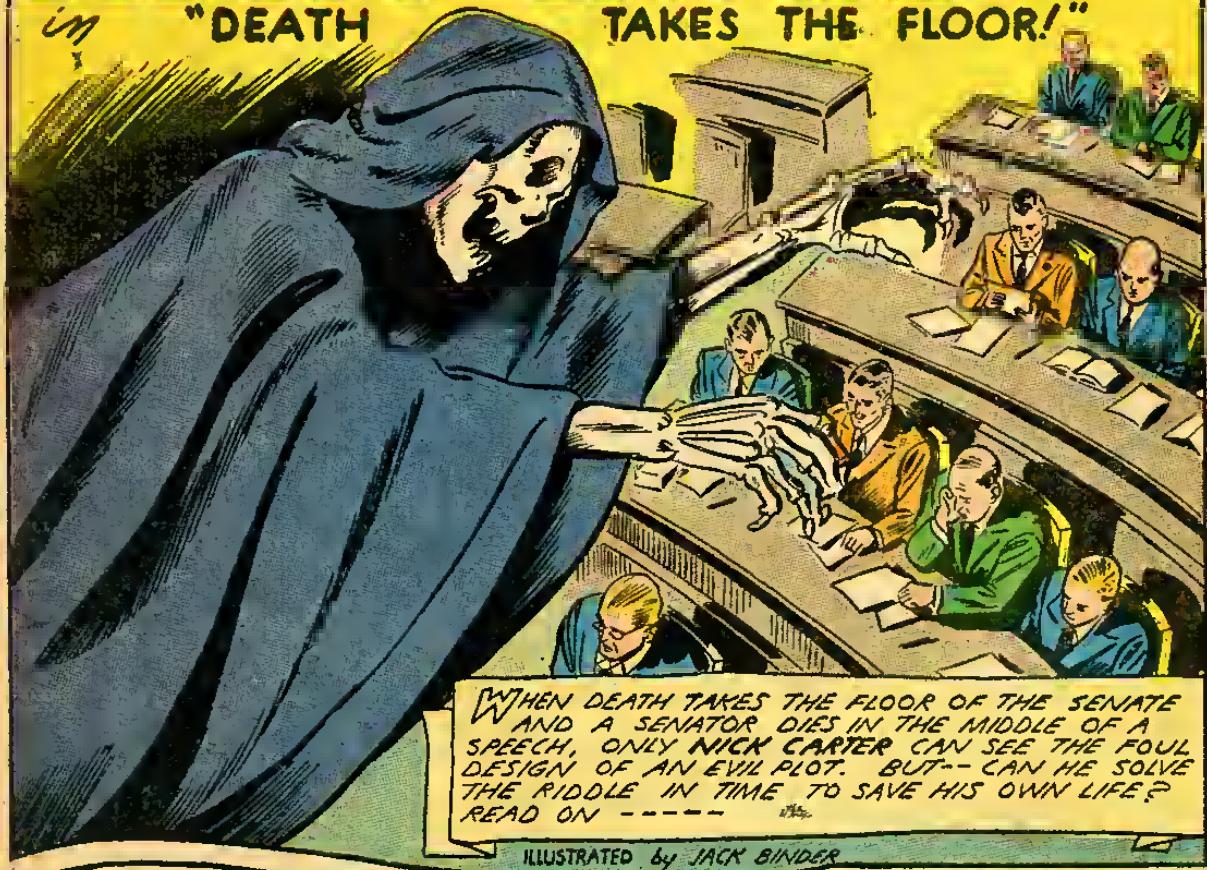




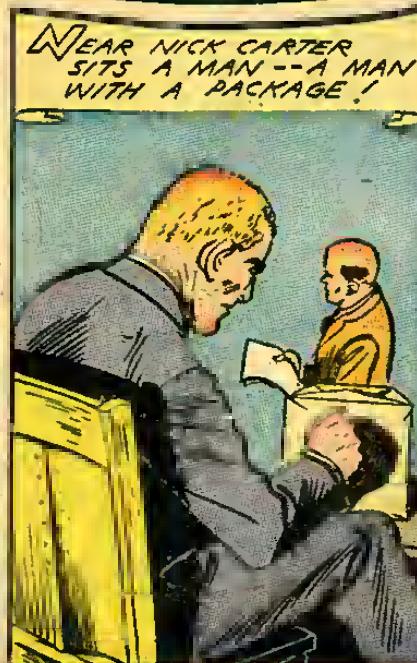
NICK CARTER

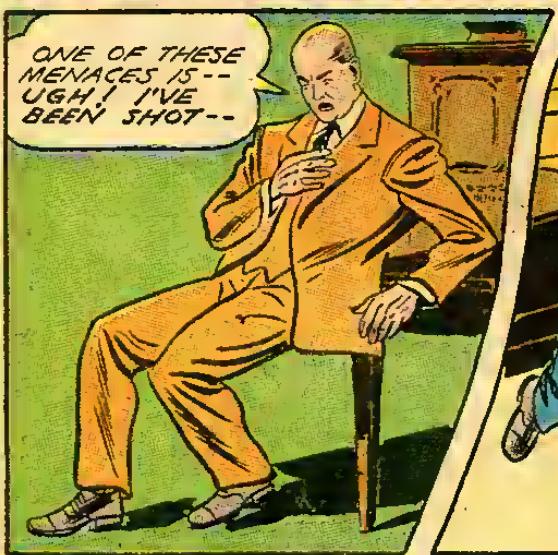
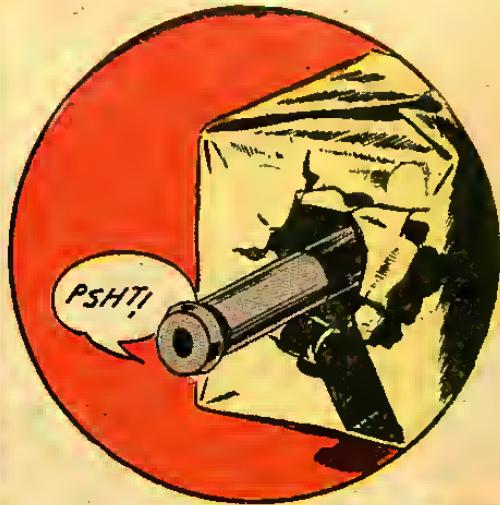
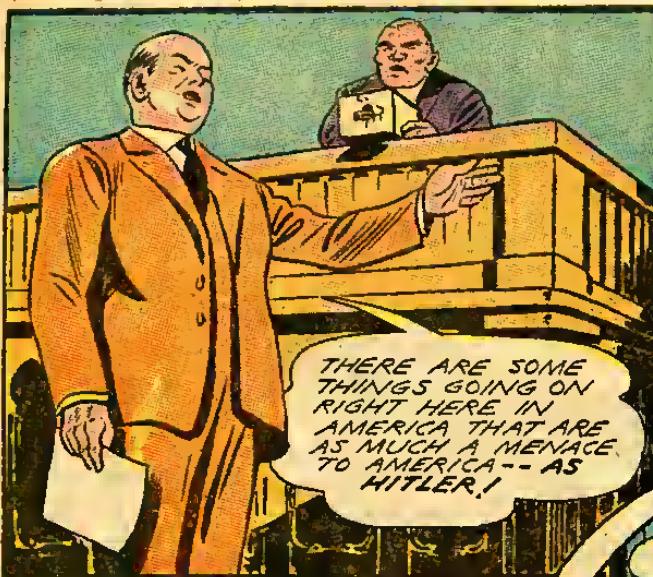
IN "DEATH

TAKES THE FLOOR!"



ILLUSTRATED by JACK BINDER



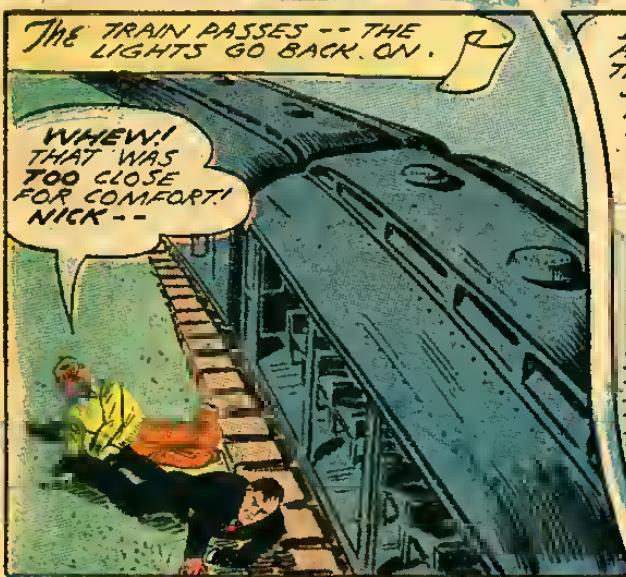


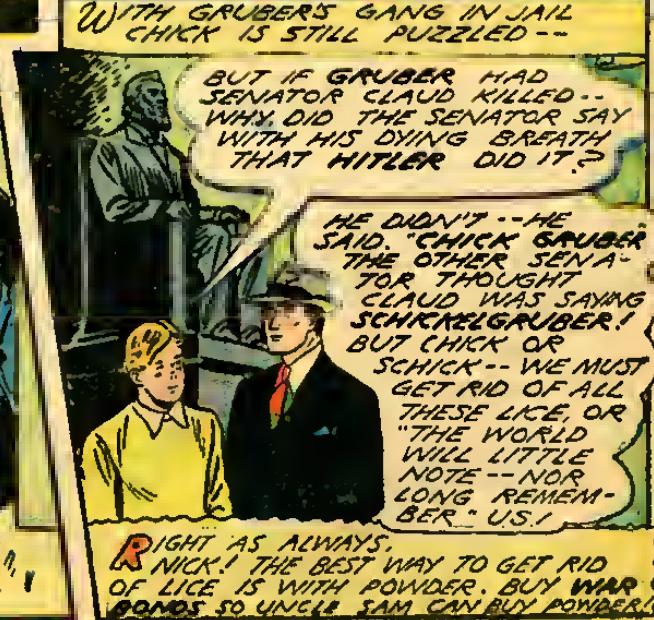
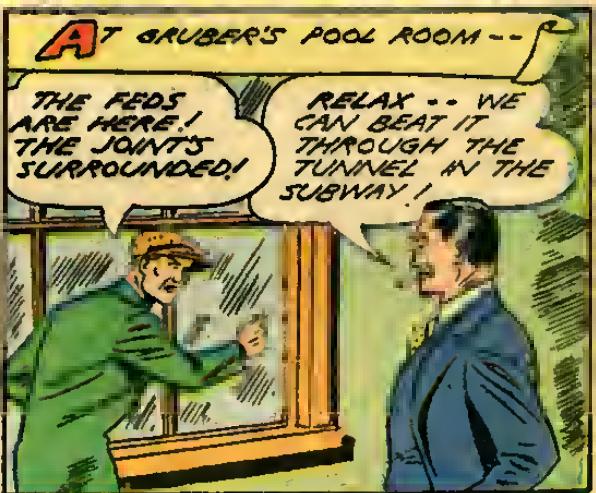












The HOODED WASP

in
THE
MISER'S
GHOST"

ILLUSTRATED BY J. BINDER

THE LURE OF GOLD TO SOME BECOMES A PASSION STRONGER THAN FAMILY LOVE. THE STRANGE, HORRIBLE CASE OF MISER PRATER IS ONE OF THE GHASTLIEST OF THE HOODED WASP'S CAREER.....



THE WARM SPRING AIR INSPIRES WASP AND WASPLET TO TAKE AN EARLY VACATION. WITH THEM IS BABE ...

I HOPE TAKING YOU ON OUR VACATION HAS SOOTHED YOUR TEMPER OVER THE "AFFAIR CYCLOPS," BABE!

IT SHOULD!

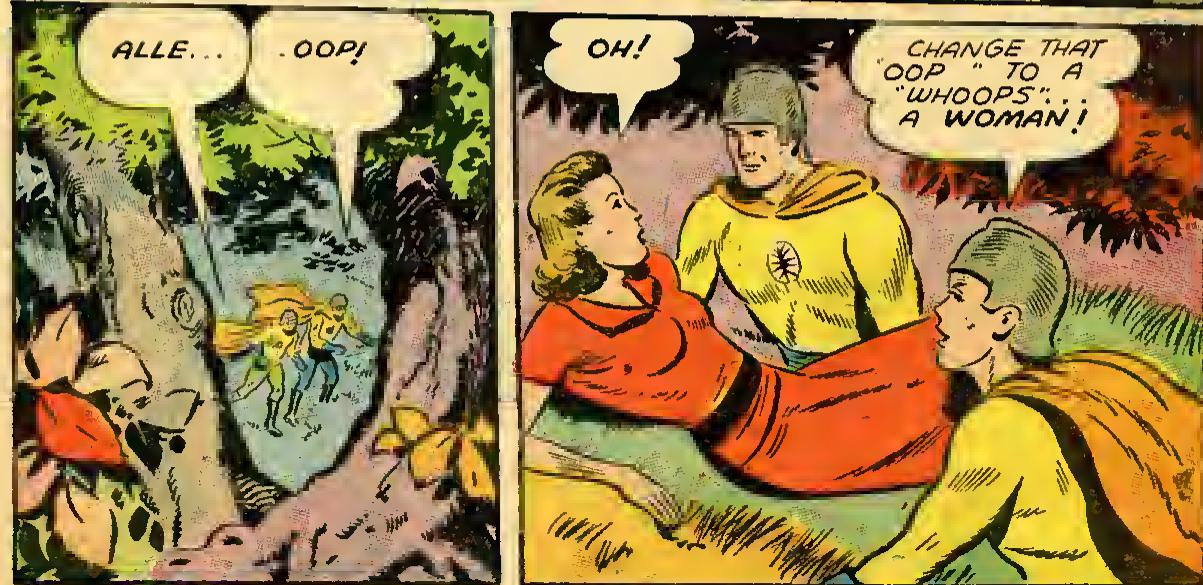
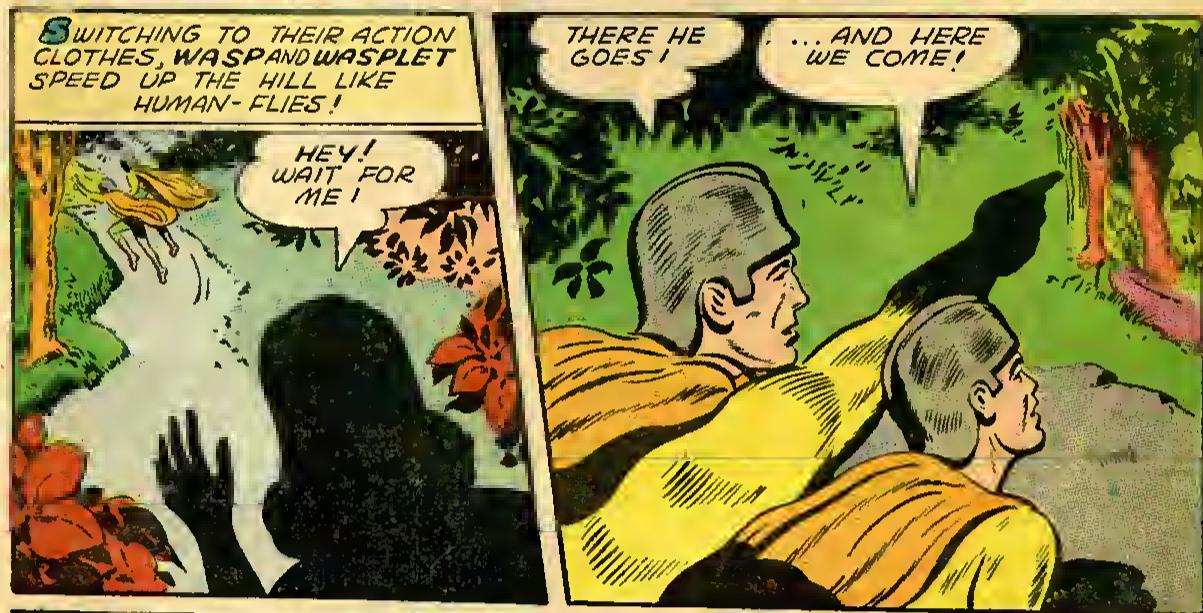
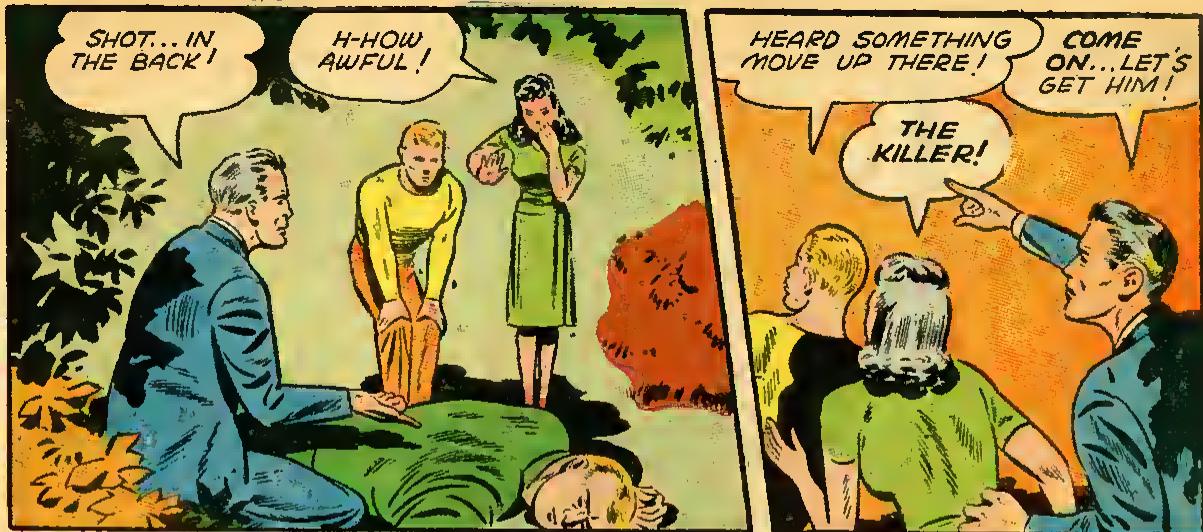
HUMPH! IT'S THE LEAST YOU CAN DO AFTER TAKING ALL THE CREDIT FOR CAPTURING THE CYCLOPS WHEN IT WAS ME WHO...

OKAY. OKAY, BABE, WE'RE SORRY. LET'S FORGET IT!

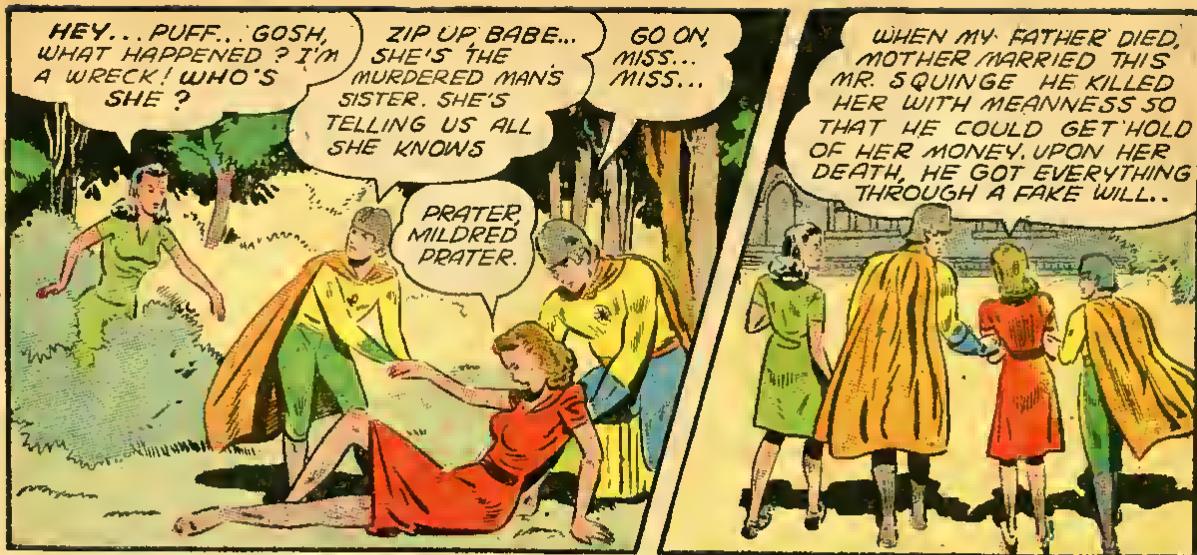
HEY! WATCHOUT. YOU'LL HIT HIM!!

OHHHHH!







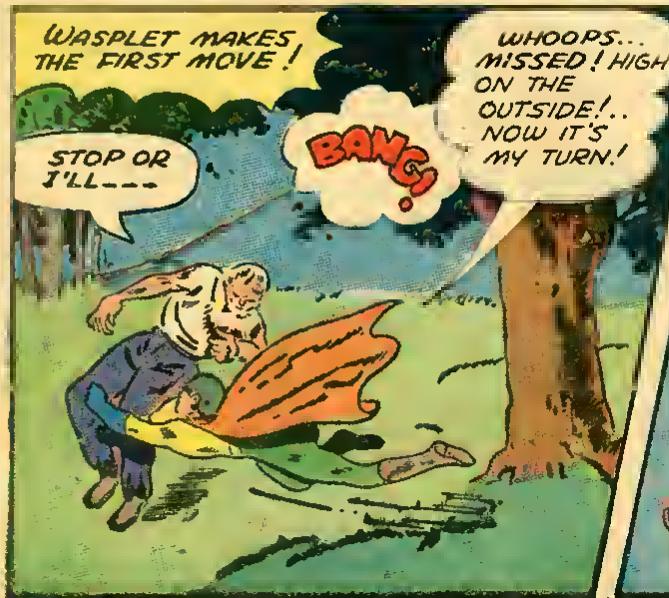
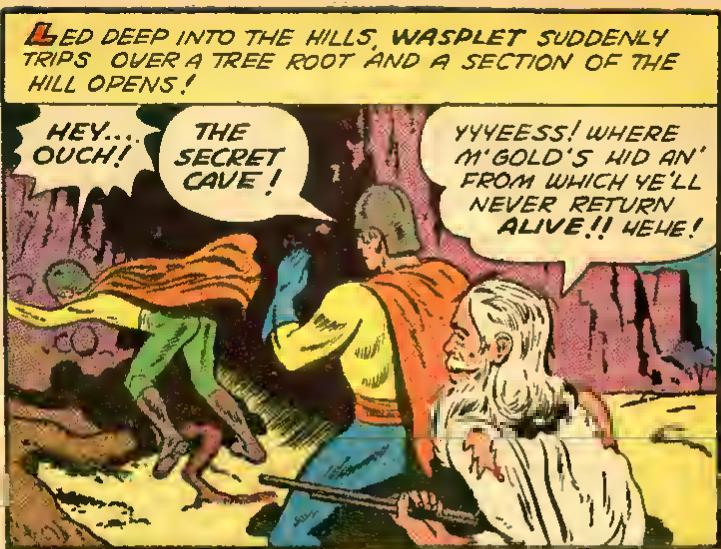


HE HAD ALL ASSETS TURNED
INTO GOLD WHICH HE HID HERE
IN A SECRET CAVE. FOR TWENTY
YEARS, HE SPENT EVERY DAY
WITH HIS GOLD... UNTIL HE
DIED LAST YEAR IN A FOREST
FIRE.



LEAVING MILDRED PRATER IN
BABE'S CARE, WASP AND
WASPLET ENTER THE
FOREST TO SEARCH FOR
CLUES..









AFAIR'D YOU'RE LITTLE PLAY GROUND IS GONNA BE TAKEN AWAY, SQUINCE!

SUDDENLY, A GIANT BOA-CONSTRICTOR MENACE'S WASP WITH HIS CRUSHING COILS!



HE WHO LAUGHS LAST...





SO ENDS THE ADVENTURE OF "THE MISER'S GHOST." BUT IF BABE THINKS HOODED WASP AND WASPLET CAN EVEN GET HER BACK HOME WITHOUT ANOTHER HAIR-RAISING ADVENTURE... SHE'S AN OPTIMIST! IT'S IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF...

Shadow COMICS





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Contains 20 pages of illustrations showing and fully describing exercises that will quickly develop and make you gain strength in your Shoulders, Arms, Wrists, Hands and Fingers. This is really a valuable course of exercises without apparatus.

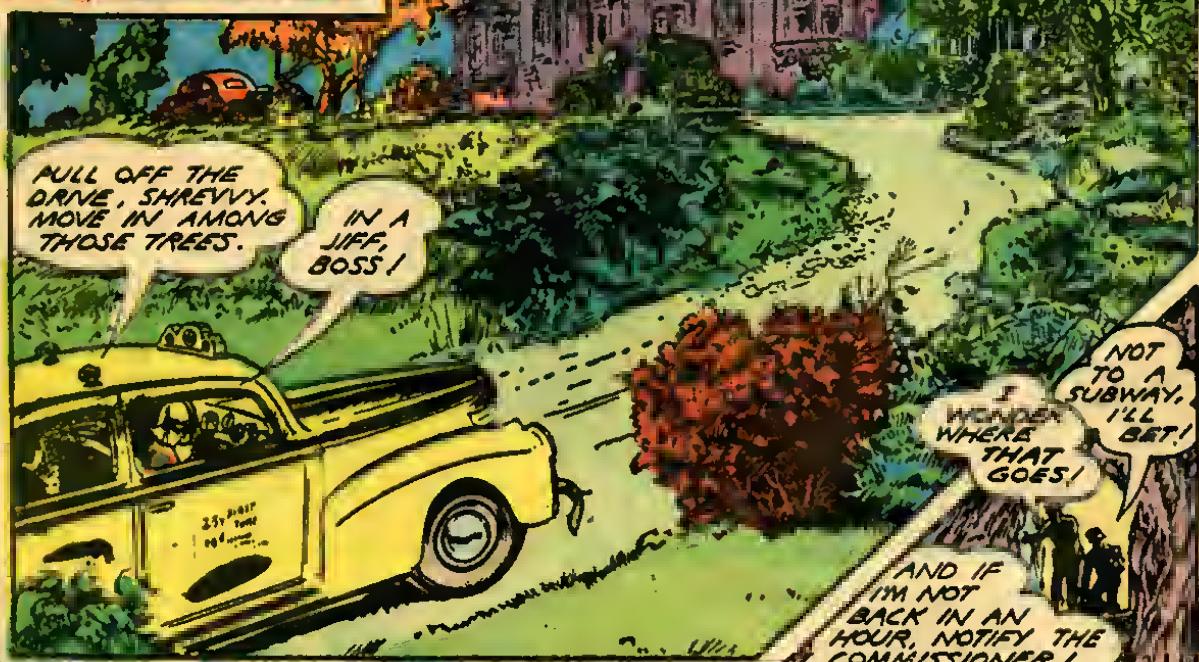
ONLY 50c

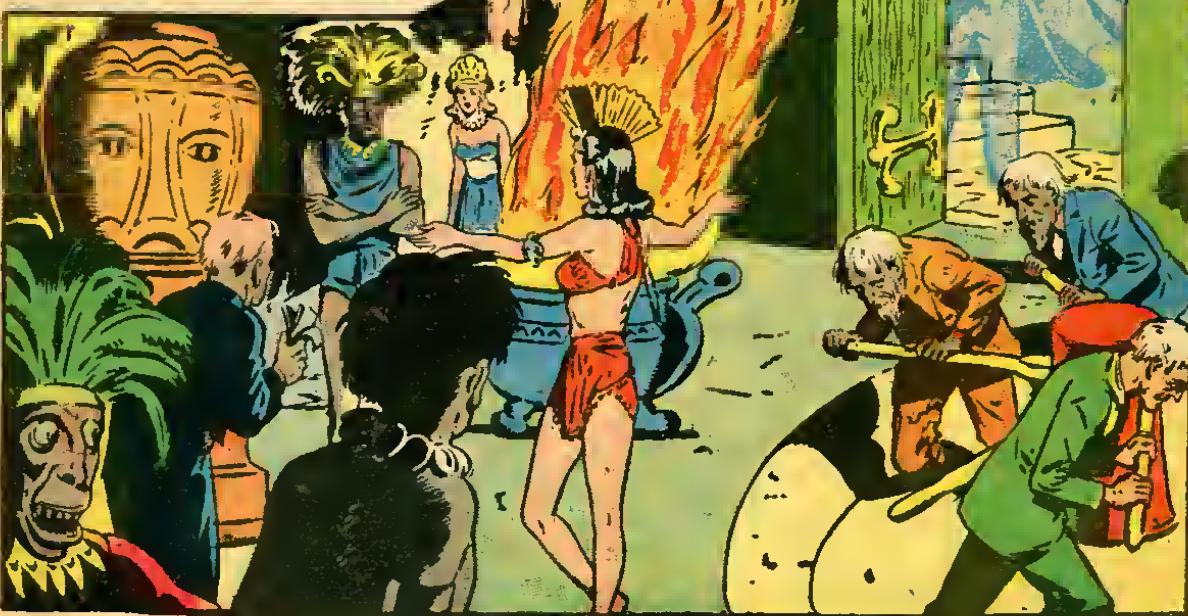
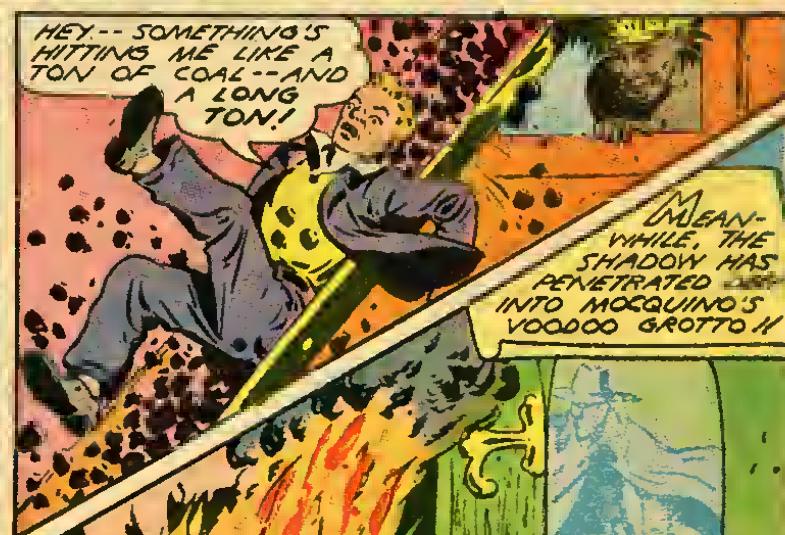
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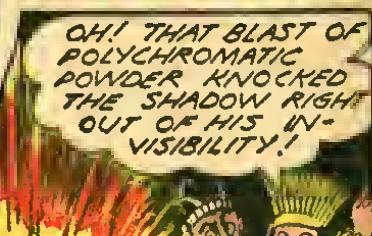
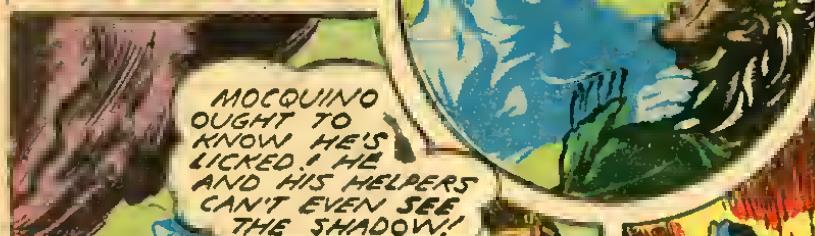
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